

What is life by QuinsQuins

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Summary:

Bunch of unfinished writing that I don't know what to do with

please take note that I love all the losers in their own way and that these short angst writings are spouted from my own deep insecurities and random shower thoughts, thank you :)

1. He dreams of life

Author's Note:

Writing mistakes are all by me
Sorry!

Richie often thought about how life would of been like had the Losers not split up- if they'd all left Derry together to attend whatever college they wanted and live in whatever state they liked. Maybe they would of all gotten a house together- lived with each other- and designed it together.

Maybe they'd get a dog- or not- Eddie's allergic to dogs.

They'd definitely get a pool, though. One big enough for all of them to swim in it together without upsetting the water so much- as to send it splashing on the pavement- or constantly bumping into each other. And after they'd be done swimming, Ben or Mike (the only good cooks of the seven) would fire up the grill and create something.....something delicious.

The others would set the table and help out by making refreshments, cutting vegetables to set out, and covering them so they don't get bombarded by flies. Beverly and Eddie would get the plates and napkins while Richie and Bill the knives and forks. Stan would come back and fourth from the kitchen with whatever utensil or seasoning Mike, or Ben, asked for. Chatting with them while they cooked and listening to the others bicker about if the knife should be outside the fork or inside, eyeing them occasionally out of the corner of his eye.

Stan would probably deny finding it funny in any sort of way at dinner and would definitely toss empty threats and insults at them when they found it cute. Giving Richie a dirty glare when he'd throw the other a kiss.

After eating the delicious food and just enjoying the others company, they would all clean up. Beverly and Bill would take any dirty dishes to the sink, where Eddie and Mike would wash and dry them in a conveyor belt type of fashion, and then go back out onto their screen porch to collect any trash or utensils left behind. And once that was done, they'd go force Mike to relax on the couch while they finished with the rest of dirty dishes.

‘You cook, we clean.’

Richie would help Ben clean and put away the grill- scrubbing it harshly with an old brush to rid it of the hardened crust and grease. He imagined he would sometimes have a hard time scrubbing away at one particular part of the grill- possibly the right corner- and angrily hit it with the brush. Ben would try to hop in and help, more worried that he’d break the grill than anything else, but Richie would be stubborn, and tell him no- giving the same ‘excuse’ the others gave Mike.

‘You cook, I clean. It’s just how the rules work, Baby.’

Richie imagines Ben would smile at him and sit in a nearby chair to watch him work and casually talk about his day. Richie would listen to every word, sometimes throwing in a comment or two, but remained mostly quite- continuously scrubbing the grill until it was clean as it had been that morning.

He’d let Ben help him put the grill up in their out door shed, as it would be heavy as shit and Richie is just a noodle with a pea stuck in his middle.

After cleaning, he thinks Eddie would force them all to take a shower before settling in for the night.

They’d all separate into pairs and go to each ones shared bathrooms to clean. Ben with Bev, respectively. Mike with Stan, or Mike with Eddie if they decided to. Richie with Eddie and Bill, or Richie with Stan and Bill if Eddie chose to shower with Mike that day.

Either way, they’d all take their time to clean themselves and feel each other closely for the first time in a few days- all hungry and needy for the others naked skin and pulsing veins.

Maybe they’d take a little longer than an hour to....‘get refreshed’...and, maybe, they would all know what the others did and share shy smiles and red faces. Prodding and teasing the others just for reaction to giggle about but, in the end, they all shared the same naughty secret.

Richie thinks about them having a movie night.

All snuggled up together under a fortress of pillows and blankets,

faces illuminated by which ever movie they'd all fought over to watch. A big, blue, bowl of popcorn situated between them all to share; their fingers covered in butter and pieces of popcorn kernels stuck between their teeth.

He dreams that they all get settled together. His right arm would be wrapped around Stan -resting snugly on the opposite shoulder- while Eddie sits happily in his lap, a wool blanket pulled up to his chin. Ben and Beverly would be snuggled together on Richies left side- Bev's Back against his side. Ben's right arm would be wrapped around Beverly's back and hand wedged between her and the curly haired mans shoulder. Richies other hand would be tangled with Beverly's right, and her left hand playing with Bill's hair while he tries to find a comfortable position on her thighs.

Richie imagines Ben would smile and connect his left hand with Bill's left and give it a loving squeeze.

Mike would be on the opposite end of this- his head resting comfortably on Stan's shoulder, as well Richies hand, with a faint grin on his tired face.

They'd all watch the movie in a comfortable silence- only being broken by Richie once in a while to make some crude joke before someone silenced him- until one of them would claim to be ready for bed and the tv's volume would be lowered to a slight humming background noise.

They'd probably sit in a calm silence until their eyes would go sleepy- as the movie became their last concern- and they would all fall asleep in a pile of hand holding and twisted legs.

The last person to fall asleep would probably be Richie himself. He would stay awake just to look at their soft expressions and wonder how beautiful they each all looked when the pressures of the day, and just life in general, was lifted from their shoulders.

He would lightly kiss Eddie's head- making sure to hold back a giggle at the tickling sensation on his chin from the shorter mans overly conditioned hair. Richie would softly stroke Mike's cheek with numb fingers that had lost feeling a long time ago- having been wedged between Mike's head and Stan's shoulder for so long- but he didn't

care.

Richie thinks he'd give the same head kiss he did to Eddie to Stan and Beverly. Savouring the smell of both persons fruity shampoo that just made his stomach flip lovingly.

With Ben and Bill out of his reach, he'd simply wait- impatiently-until the morning came to give them both a slight caress of the cheek or head kiss. He would hate having to wait that long- sitting in agonising dreamless sleep for the morning sun to rise- but, it would be worth it to see them blink the sleepy haze from their eyes just to receive a kiss, unexpectedly.

Being the last one awake, he'd turn off the tv.

Richie guesses they wouldn't wake up early on a lazy weekend morning- not until late in the afternoon, all too tired and drowsy to escape the warm snuggle pile on a cold November day and-.....and..

That's as far as Richie is willingly letting his dreams go- as far as he is deeming 'enough' to 'satisfy' his heart.

He does this to restrict himself from something that would never be and...would probably never be accepted.

To protect his sanity, and feelings, from the disappointment of a thing that could of been had they just stayed at the hip.

He is willing to dream of happiness at his fingers tips, but, to live it fully with details he'd never pick up on had it actually happened is something else entirely.

Something Richie knows is unhealthy and wrong- a thing that's plagued him since his childhood, lingered with him through his years away, and only just recently come back to rear its ugly head. Richie knows it's bad....but he doesn't care.

And maybe he never will.

2. Out of insecure fire pits

Summary for the Chapter:

This was supposed to be some weird trip dream Richie had in the deadlights but- it mostly turned into a 'vent' about about my insecurities :(so, I just left it as it was.

It's very random and weird- especially not canon !!!!

All spelling mistakes are mine.

They'd all came back from the Neibolt house in one piece. Eddie still had the hole in his face- which he loudly complained to the others needed immediate medial attention the whole time they were at the quarry- but, it was better than being dead.

(And he had seen him dead.)

Richie just laughed and put Eddie in a head lock- pulling him under water shortly after.

He'd probably never forget the look of horror on Eddie's face when they resurfaced. Spitting out water and sputtering angrily like a toddler. Every cuss word known to man flew from Eddie's wordy mouth that- at one point- Richie went to plug his ears, his own laughter being muffled along with Eddie's 'scolding me.

The other Losers just watched Eddie rail away on the poor comedian with tears of laughter in their eyes.

Beverly used Ben as a support when the laughing began to split her sides and she was left breathless. Mike and Bill had fallen against each other in their own fit and were struggling to stay up right as one would slip a little on the mud and send the other one falling backwards. Stan sat at the rocky shore and watched it all with slight amusement. He captured everyone's faces with one look and felt his heart only swell more.

When his frosty grey eyes got caught in Richies murky blue ones, he

smiled, genuinely, and gave a small wave.

And Richie only smiled back.

Day turned into a creamy pink and yellow sun set afternoon before all Losers had joined Stan on the bank to dry off.

It was fucking freezing. But no one was aloud in Ben's car until all parts- or most parts- were dry.

'So you're saying we're supposed to freeze our asses off to avoid getting your 'poor car' dirty?'

'You could always just walk back to the townhouse, Y'know? You'd probably be dry by the time you arrived anyways.'

'Ha, that's a great joke, handsome. I haven't walked a mile since college- and I dropped out of college when I turned 23. I'd be dead before I even made it up the damn hill.'

The other losers laughed at Richie's jokes- they always laughed- but this particular joke- even if it wasn't ghost written- had Richie feeling more queasy than most self deprecating jokes he's made.

But he smiled and laughed.

They decided to take that time to catch up on things- get back to what the others had been up to before they'd been so rudely interrupted by those stupid fortune cookies.

Richie swears he'll never be able to look at them again- let alone eat anything remotely close to Chinese again....and Eddie bets he'll 'start eating Chinese food again in a week, with the way his diet is.'

The germaphobe said this while poking at Richies soft middle, teasingly.

Richie slapped Eddie's hand away and covered his stomach in a flash- almost missing the way each loser looked at him in confusion, maybe a little worry, as he slightly curled in on himself.

Eddie's eyes flashed in concern. He cautiously leaned in closer to the curly haired male with hesitance.

He placed a hand on Richie's shoulder and then, when he felt it was safe enough, bombarded him with questions. 'Hey man, 'Chee? Are you okay? Did something happen to your stomach? Does it hurt? Do you think somethings bruised? Do you need a hospital?'

Richie felt his cheeks burn at the un-needed attention- the feel of twelve familiar eyes burning into the side of his face. He shrugged Eddie's hand off his shoulder and casually leaned back on his hands, legs crossed over each other.

'Take a chill pill, Eddie Spaghetti! Im fine! You just scared me, is all, you know how sensitive I am, don't you, Eds?' Richie replied back charmingly, hiding his relief with a big smile when Eddie's shoulders relaxed and face went slack.

The shorter male crossed his arms and smirked slightly.

'Beep beep, Richie. The only thing sensitive about you is your ego- and by that, I mean you have the insecurities of a teenage girl trying to get on the cheer squad but was denied cause of her weight.' Eddie snarked.

Richie heard the others collectively gasp in shock, like they couldn't believe what Eddie just said, and he felt slightly better about the hurt pooling in the bottom of his gut, but the spirts of laughter that followed after had Richie thinking otherwise. He lowered his head and focused on a pair of ants climbing over and in the crevasses of rocks beneath his feet.

The losers still laughed.

If Had he turned around he would of seen that Ben was the only one not laughing.

Eddie smirked down at Richie with triumph, almost proud that he was finally able to finally silence the Trashmouth, and drank in the other losers comments with pride.

'Woah, Eddie!'

'Kaspbrak the, snap back!'

'Damn Eddie, Tell him how you really feel, why don't ya?'

‘.....’

‘That wasn’t funny, Eddie.’

The last comment, Ben’s, quieted the group. Richie didn’t raise his head, but the small glance he got of Ben’s face made his stomach clench.

He had almost forgot the quiet boy had been hefty once- with how hot he looks now, not anyone outside of Derry could ever guessed he was once a softie....but they knew...

Eddie’s smile faded and his confident stance deflated. He spoke up first.

‘I’m sorry, Ben. You’re right, that wasn’t funny- I wasn’t thinking.’ The Risk analyst eyes pleading silently for Ben to forgive him for his stupid comments.

The other just stared right back at him with a blank expression. His hard brown eyes darted back and forth from Eddie to Richies tightly coiled form.

Eddie took this as. ‘I’m not the one you should be apologising to.’ And sighed softly.

He awkwardly shifted his knees on the rocky ground to face Richie. Lips pulled tightly into a thin line.

‘Richie?’

Said person the name belonged to raised his head from the two ants below- one had gotten caught in a puddle of water from his soaked pants and died- to look at Eddie behind glasses that still seemed a little too big for his face.

Eddie pretended his heart didn’t skip a beat and eased himself closer to his friend.

‘I’m sorry for making fun of you, it was totally uncalled for and immature- I’m sorry. I hope you can forgive me...?’ Eddie finished his apology with a quirked brow and soft eyes. Richie could still feel the sting of Eddie’s bony finger burning the skin on his gut- just an inch above his belly button. He shifted onto his front, facing Eddie with a

small smile.

‘It’s all okie dokie, spheds! You got off a good one, didn’t you? Really made my poor teenage girl heart quiver!’ Richie joked with a fake, sad, wiggle of his bottom lip.

Eddie sighed in annoyance- he’s been doing that lot, lately- and wrinkled his nose.

‘Jesus fucking Christ, Richie, can you not be serious for five seconds?’

Eddie quickly poked his stomach again and, maybe it was a tinge softer than before but, the burning on his skin was still there.

The comedian chose to ignore his insecurity this time to throw a handful of mud at Eddie’s face- the good side- with a resounding, wet, smack!

Richie stood up, dusted off his pants and started his trek back up the cliff.

A third of the way up- he was joined by a silent, but comforting, Stan and a red faced Ben.

They walked up the rest of trail in silence. Richie too focused on keeping his breathing quite- as to not show that he was actually winded by the walk- that he didn’t really know what to say without having to take a deep, disgusting, breathe. He settled on keeping his breathes short and slow.

Ben cupped a hand to the small of his back and, Richie knew, that meant he’d been there before.

Richie felt a little bit better and smiled as the sun slowly began to set behind the autumn trees.

The other losers slowly gathered with Ben, Stan and Richie- all silent, but-strangely- content. They strolled by the old shop’s window- pretending not to see the reflection of soft skin and bright eyes instead of their scars and eye bags- and headed towards the townhouse, confidence in each of their uneven steps.

They all left the quarry that day with sore bellies and new memories.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you enjoyed!!

Leave a comment if you want too! If you like these little snippets enough I'll try and use them to create a full plot!!

3. Do you even love me?

Summary for the Chapter:

This basically could be a sequel to the last chapter but, idk.

It's another random one about insecurities plus relationship issues

Hope you like it though :)

Eddie raised a hand to softly cascade his boney fingers through the comedians new close cut hair. His slight frown deepened and eyes narrowed, staring pointedly at Richie's exposed forehead.

'I liked it better longer.'

Eddie retreated his hand from Richies head and blinked once before turning around and heading towards the kitchen to- making sure that when Richie wasn't looking- throw out the 'unhealthy' 'disgusting' dinner the comedian had prepared for the losers, minus him, all to eat....and instead prepare his own, and some for the losers, while Richie left for work.

Richie knew Eddie didn't do it to hurt his feelings- if he had, the risk analysis would of flat out told him by now- but he only did it once Richie left for work.

Richie only found out about it because Eddie never got rid of the evidence. He'd come home from work, thinking that the food he prepared had been eaten- Eddie would give him a tight smile and kiss his cheek, then they'd go to bed- but the health nut never counted on the fact that trash would still be there once Richie got home.

Leaving the tired, stressed, male to find the dinner he put together for them- his lovers, the losers- in the trash and Eddie's amazing macaroni and broccoli casserole sitting on one of the refrigerators shelves as left overs.

A simple white sticky note attached to it with Richie's name scrawled on it in Eddie's neat hand writing.

(Richie hated Eddie's casserole...and he was sure his friend knew that...)

The comedian threw 'his' left over cassaoerle In the trash, on top of the the dinner he had prepared earlier, and disposed of the bag.

He discarded his smelly shirt and traded it in for a much clearer, red, shirt.

Richie wasted a few good hours in the down stairs bathroom- the one basically no one ever used and was the farthest away from their shared rooms, throwing up.(But there was nothing TO throw up. All that came Lue hung out of his stomach was yellow, acid tasting, bile. And, because it tasted so rancid, Richie only threw up more.)

Richei flushed the toilet a total of three times before collapsing against the bath tub and crying his sore eyes out till the moons yellow light covered the white bath room tiles.

He shakily stood up- avoiding looking at his reflection in the mirror by removing his glasses- and washed his puke covered chin off. He flushed the toilet- one last time- and wiped its seat of any left over breakfast from yesterday and headed to his room.

Richie found all the others squished together in one of the two big beds.

There was no room for him to sleep and- even if he just shoved himself in between someone- he's probably wake them up and that's an asshole move.

Richie carefully closed the bed room door and headed to the other one- that was left of the bed- and entered the other bedroom. He closed that door and sorta just stood there Looking at it- studying its tricky cuts and figure- before turning around and promptly going to bed.

He did not dream that night.

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When the morning came- Richie looked over to the beside clock to see that it was already 10 o'clock in the morning yet- he could smell

the strong aroma of bacon and eggs being cooked down stairs.

Usually- when Richie slept in, someone would either climb in bed with him or wake him up.

(Not either of those happed and Richie felt his heart stretch.)

He could hear voices downstairs laughing and joking around...

(Without him.)

Richie promptly got out of bed and threw up in the waste basket beside the door.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hope you enjoyed that snip, and if you want more like that, just leave a comment!

Bye!

## 4. A turtle is but a turtle

### Summary for the Chapter:

Was supposed to be the opening to 'Richie Tozier Fucking Dies....I Think?' But i decided on something else- hopefully better- but here you go.

Hope you like it!!

When the turtle created humans he chose to make each one specifically, and uniquely, different. From their hair, to skin, to likes, to dislikes- not one human was the same.(Except, maybe twins- but they were a result of laziness on the Turtles behalf.) And not one human could fully and truthfully agree on every matter with another one.(The turtle had tried, at first, that every human not have the same interests to share but, that got ugly pretty quick.)

How he made the humans? Well, he'd take- more like steal, but who cares- a bit of soil from the earth, water from the ocean and dust from the nearest star and mix them all up on a canvas with, which ever, color that day and paint.

(It was simple, really.)

The turtle created two humans on his first day- female and male. Their skin was a healthy, peach, white and eyes as shinny brown as their hair. They were supposed to be brother and sister, but the turtle got to thinking- How can He create more of these creatures without stealing the universes gifts?

So, he just created them with different piles of star dust- Thus making the first lovers to ever walk the earth.

And, after a while, he began to experiment with color- making them darker, or more lighter or more yellow as time passed.

(The turtle created many different looking human beings- each with a unique color to them but, he did encounter trouble along the way.)

He found dark colours a little bit harder to perfect. If he added too

much yellow to a mix of red and blue, it could turn a muddy orange, or, if he added a bit too much red to a mix of yellow and blue, it would turn purple- and purple and orange might be a bit TOO different from the majority- natural- colours of simple black, brown, white....another shade of white, white and brown, black and brown....white and black...(You get the picture.)

But the turtle loved all the colours he made- no matter how long it took to perfect or how many colours he had to go through to get it- he was content.

(Until, his creations began to die.)

Death. It was an occurrence the turtle had not counted on when making his people- he had created them so beautiful and so 'perfect' that, surly, they'd possess god gifts like him? Yes?

(Maybe so...possibly not.)

The turtle grieved, but he grieved in his art.

He made bad people. Ones who murdered, lied and cheated. He created mental sickness, disease and disasters. The turtle gave his beautiful people disfigurements, pain and near death...even actual death.

The turtle scared his people...into fearing death, fearing adventure. He wished them to live forever and what better way to do that...than to make them fear everything?

He sees the way they act around danger- they run, they hide...they survive. And that makes the turtle happy, but a select few run towards danger...and sometimes, he pities them and lets them live...but..he also is tired of the resistance- resistance to comply, to be safe- and he lets nature take its course.

The turtle is a ruthless ruler of his new breed of people- and that's how he stays for the first 27 years...until,

One random spot of black paint gets covered in red and white and...the turtle has created a monster..one with fiery red hair and ruby lips. With eyes so yellow they shine at night....and teeth so



sharp they make your spine shiver just looking at them.

The monster ate whoever and whatever got in it's path- it tortured people with their greatest fears or weaknesses. It manipulated them, changed them and hurt them.

And all this happened in the- once- sweet town of Derry, Maine. (The only place on earth that the turtle could call his lovely 'summer' home...)

Now, it was anything BUT lovely.

The turtle had created the eater of worlds....and it was about to eat his whole world up with just a single bite.

He absolutely had to find a way to stop it.(Throwing disease, disfigurements or mental illness didn't stop the monster the slightest...it made his stronger.) The turtle needed a plan- and he needed one quick.

So, he grabbed his canvas and began to paint.

He painted with passion- pain- anger and confidence. The turtle created a group of heroes- well, heroes is a stretch- that would rise up and defeat the monster. He created them uniquely- as every other human was- and he created them imperfect.

They were not all smart, not all tall or skinny, not happy or quite. The turtle created them imperfect, the turtle made them all weak in their own way..and the only way they could be strong together was if...they were together.

(How sentimental.)

The turtle created seven imperfect humans to help save his people- all weak and strong in different ways- and he made sure that their place in his world would have more meaning than that.

He gave them each two purposes in life.

1. To defeat the monster and
2. To find their own path

Two simple chores- on paper, that is- for his band of misfits to look forward to.

The turtle sighed and drifted off to sleep in his blanket of white- he had been working hard, what's the harm of a little nap?-....completely aware that the paint brush between his fingers would slip and stain one of his paintings on the canvas a deep red....

The paintings path doomed to death with just that simple- forever stained- red splotch across the middle...he had three purposes in life, now.

To defeat..To live....to die.

(He had black hair and the kids called him Bucky Beaver.He was as confident as he was smart...and he was funny as he was loving.)

The painting would die....

But the turtle only snored.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thanks for reading!

Leave a comment if you want! Or maybe a short clip of whatever you'd like continued!

(I mostly do angst and hurt. I also do this weird Stephen King thing where I add random details that don't belong but, eh.)

## 5. My love for you is childish

### Summary for the Chapter:

Start of a sad Ben Hanscom/Richie Tozier fic I haven't had interest in finishing.

Hope you like it!

'Glasses man, with silly string hair,  
give a pointed nose kiss,  
and I'll always be there'

(Oh how disgustingly disgusting, Ben Hanscom, oh how awful.)

The poem was childish, and possibly the worst piece of literature Ben had ever made- nothing at all like the one he had written Beverly all those years go.

A small, graphite stained, standpipe post card. Three simple sentences he took hours of loving care and thought to recite the words perfectly- until they were carved into the inside of his eyelids- written in a handwriting completely devoid of his own natural style. A way to keep his real thoughts to her a secret and let her think it was someone else...

(He realised- very much later on- that he had created his own dramatic irony.

Ouch.)

No, the lipstick written love confession- because the townhouse apparently had no pencils, or pens, to spare- was a pity in comparison to that.

It was written- in his own handwriting- on a napkin. Letters smushed and shakily sprawled in no particular lining from him attempting to not tear the sensitive material. It was sticky to touch and dark red finger, half, prints stuck out drastically from the empty white around it.

Ben was too frustrated to care.

( He had already torn two napkins prior to his last- the best- one and had gotten the makeup on his fingers after trying to ball and throw it away,)

Though, like he said, it was not his best work.

But, by standing right outside the door of a man he so wholeheartedly adored- a man he had never known he would love or, maybe, was even loved by- the poem was like a precious glass sculpture- that sat snugly in his back pocket.

A strong controlling, anxious, pull on his conscious.

(A fish hook lodged into the middle of his heart with thick, silver, wire pulled tightly around his hip to back pocket.)

He had created it only minutes following the quarry- that was five hours ago, at 3:15, now it's 8:15- but it felt as if he'd been holding onto it forever...

The year book page was missing from his wallet- burned- leaving it uncomfortably light and empty. Yet, he didn't feel very mournful...he felt, more so, relieved...strange.

But the space was still there, and it needed to be filled.

He shifted his hip, listening closely to the sound of paper rubbing up against the inside of his back pocket, thinking- the lipsticks going to smear, stay still- it would surely fill the space.

(Ben's hands desperately twitched at his sides- reach for the knob, he won't care if you don't knock- and his heart beat along with them.)

While walking up the stairs, Ben had convinced himself he walked extra slow to not bend the precious paper- his hands were too sweaty and would of smeared the lip stick more had he held it himself- but the heavy feeling of a thick milk chocolate bubbling at the bottom of his gut told other wise.

(Just knock on the door, please, knock.)

He was a fool.

A fool to cliché love proposals- that he'd gotten by day dreaming to the sweet music of New Kids On the Block- and a fool to think that the copycat way of doing it would be enough.

Would it be enough?

(If it worked on Beverly, what's it going to do to him? Would he laugh?...maybe...but laugh of joy or insult?  
Ben didn't know.)

The dark knots on the old wooden door stared back at him in judgment. Curved in such a way that a mis-shaped pupil leered at both his right eye and just beyond his ear. It made his ear tingle. Ben scratched at it, nervously. His rough nails turning the skin very red and irritated- almost bleeding- that he winced.

He kept scratching

(Knock, knock, Ben, knock. I'm waiting for you.)

A thin coat of blood painted the tips of his nails- like nail polish, it was cold and heavy- but he paid no mind to the numb throbbing behind his ear- an inconvenience- and only leaned into the unsettling, dooming, silence behind the door.

(Hes' finally quiet..)

Ben mindlessly wiped the stained hand on his jeans- they were covered in sewer water, anyway. Already dirty...but he had a feeling someone would throw a fit, had they known, then reminded himself to throw them out later- and sniffed.

'Knock, knock'

...

'Richie?'

There was no response.

Ben bit his lip and stared at the space around the door's dark knots. He knocked again.

'Hey, Richie...um, I know this might seem like a...a real shit time to do this right now but-...but I really need to talk to you man...please. I can't do this much longer...I really need to tell you something...can I..please come in?' Ben scrunched his eyes and grimaced.

(Stupid stupid stupid- fucking stupid- just walk away, fucking stupid, you're an asshole, you stupid fucking-)

'...why can't you just tell me through the door..?' The voice was soft, and quiet, but Ben could hear it clear as day. As if Richie was standing right next to him.

(Hes awake- he responded- do something, you idiot, don't just stand there.)

'...okay...okay..' Ben shook his head with a huff and reached for the door knob. His hand curled around the cool metal- emitting a slight squeak- but did not turn it.

(He didn't invite you in, stupid. Let him invite you in.)

'..I...I' Ben stuttered '...I want to see your face, Richie...I want to know that you're okay, but I know you're not okay- and that's okay- but I....I just want to see you..man...'

Ben pitifully rested his forehead against the door- as if imagining Richie could see through the door- and let him in out of second hand embarrassment.

(You're not a child- quit sulking- stand up straight. He'll let you in, he can't say no.)

It was silent for many minutes. Ben's hope began to waver as the silence in Richie's room stayed silent- no breathing, springs bouncing in the mattress, foot steps or after cry sniffles- deadly silence.

Be removed his forehead from the door, licking his lips.

'Please...Richie...I cant...I cant do it anymore..'

The feel of that simple napkin burned in his back pocket- pulling harder and harder on the fishing line attached to his heart.

Ben frowned, smacked his palm to the middle of his forehead, and rested a hand on his hip. The tips of his finger tips grazing the back of his jeans as he rested his side against the door.

He winced as it creaked under his weight.

(You're okay, you're okay- look at you- you're okay. It's old, old and bad. You're okay.)

The thoughts were loud. Possibly too loud but, if they had been deafening, Ben would of missed Richie's fading response.

'...the doors unlocked....'

(...well then..)

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

If you want a sad ass ending- I can try and add one or, you can give me angst ideas? I'm having trouble getting interesting ideas for Richie tozier fucking dies...thoughts?

Anyway, I hope you liked this half ass snippet! Leave a comment, if you want to!

Bye!